CREATURES ON THE LOOSE
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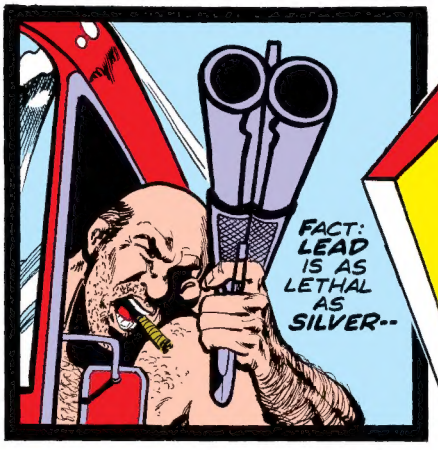
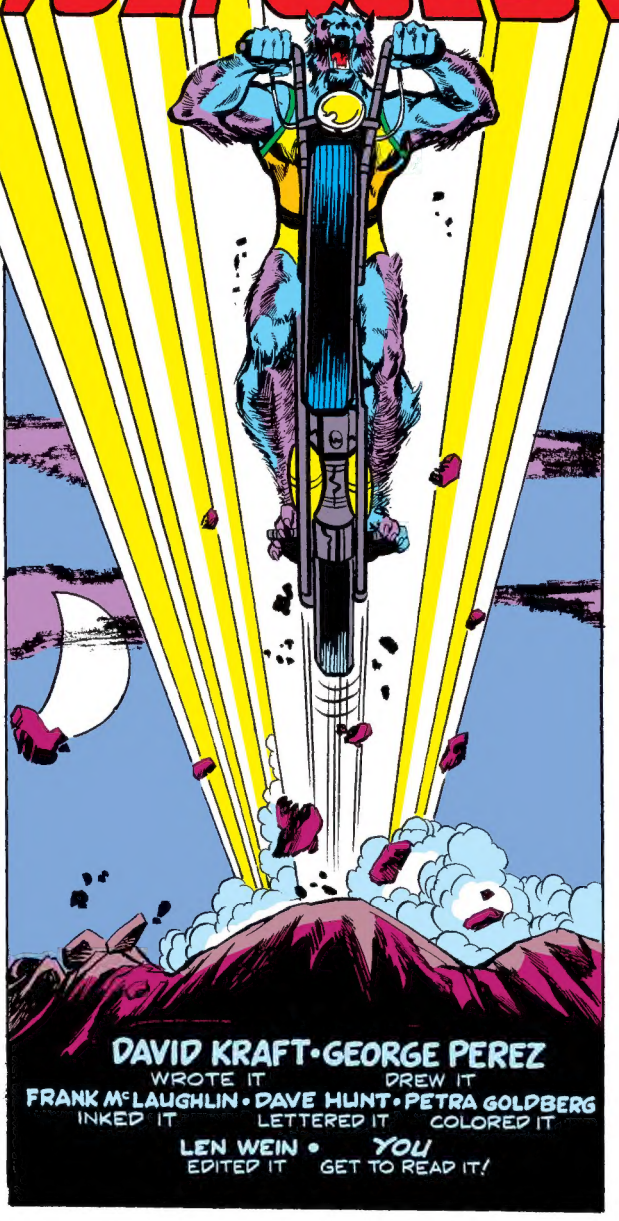
CREATURES ON THE LOOSE™
FEATURING
MAN-WOLF™
MILE-HIGH MAYHEM
--AS A MADDENED MOON-BEAST AND THE MOST UNEXPECTED SUPER-VILLAIN OF ALL BATTLE TO THE DEATH ON A RUNAWAY ROCKET SLED!
WOLFQUEST!

John Jameson: astronaut, career soldier, and the son of newspaper mogul, J. Jonah Jameson. John Jameson: *cursed.* For when the rays of the moon touch the pendant that has grafted itself to his throat, John Jameson becomes a beast—

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **MAN-WOLF!** ™



WOLFQUEST



DAVID KRAFT • GEORGE PEREZ
WROTE IT DREW IT
FRANK McLAUGHLIN • DAVE HUNT • PETRA GOLDBERG
INKED IT LETTERED IT COLORED IT
LEN WEIN • YOU
EDITED IT GET TO READ IT!

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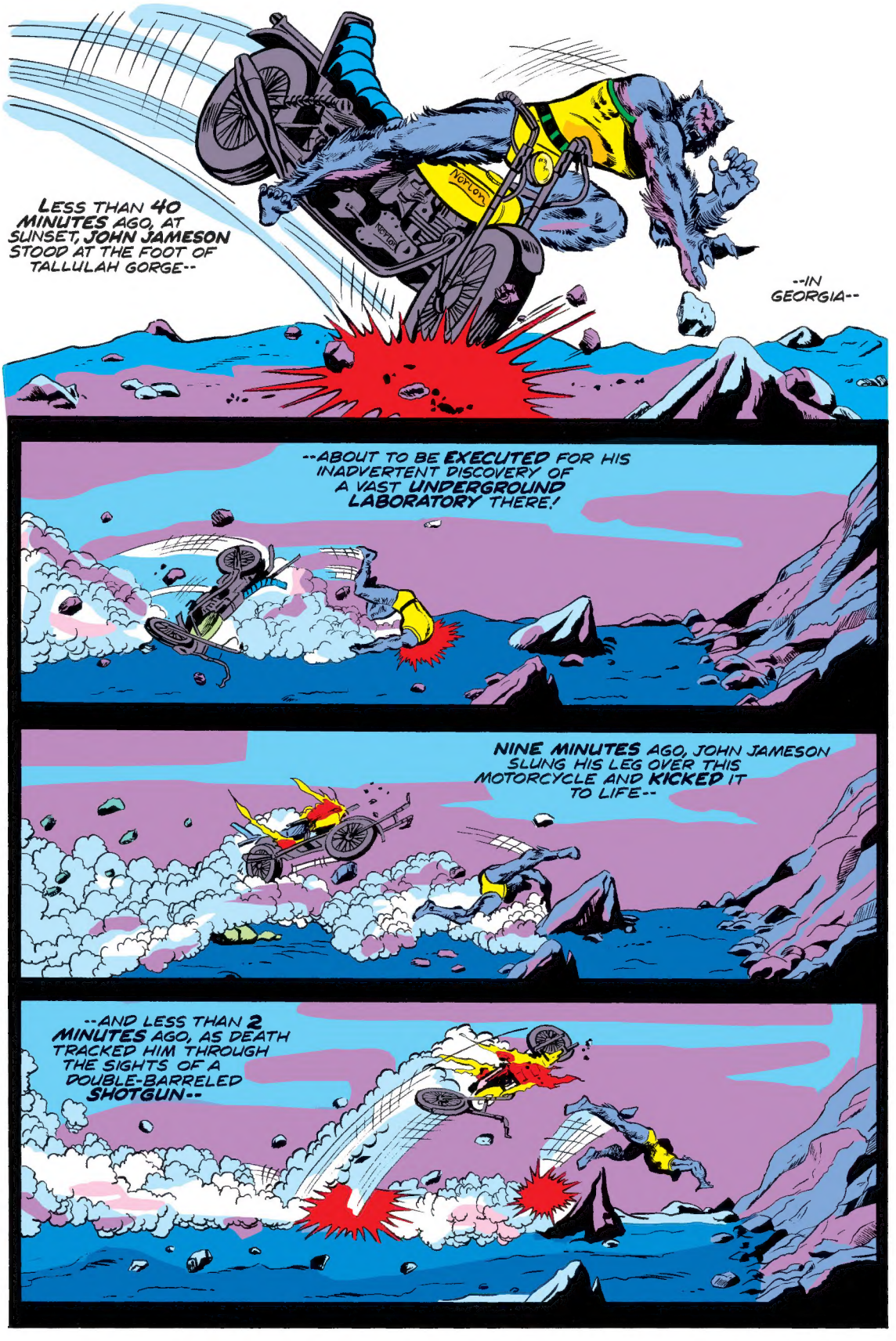
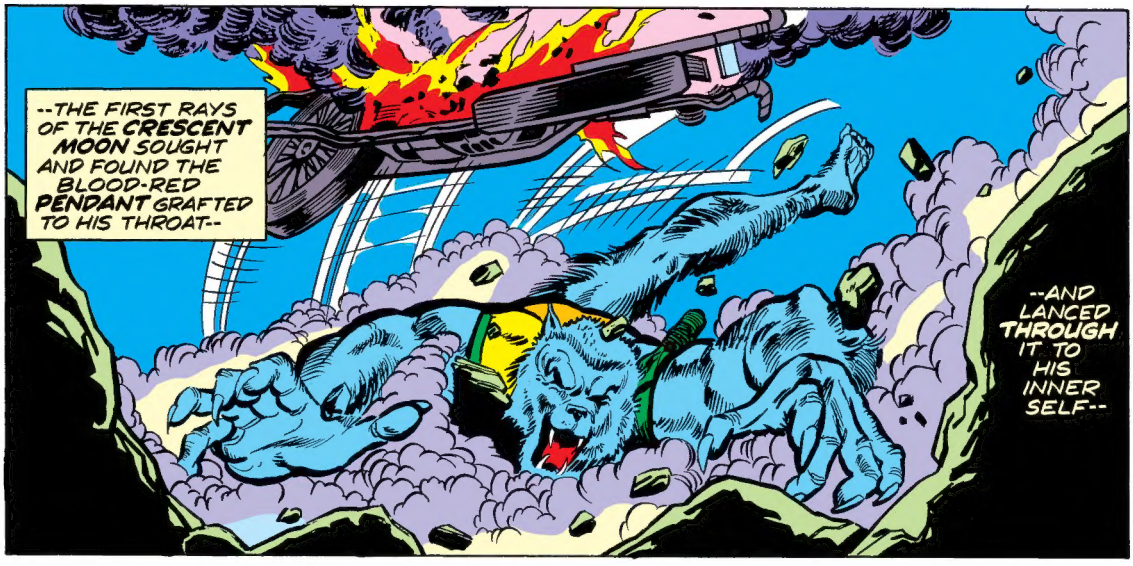
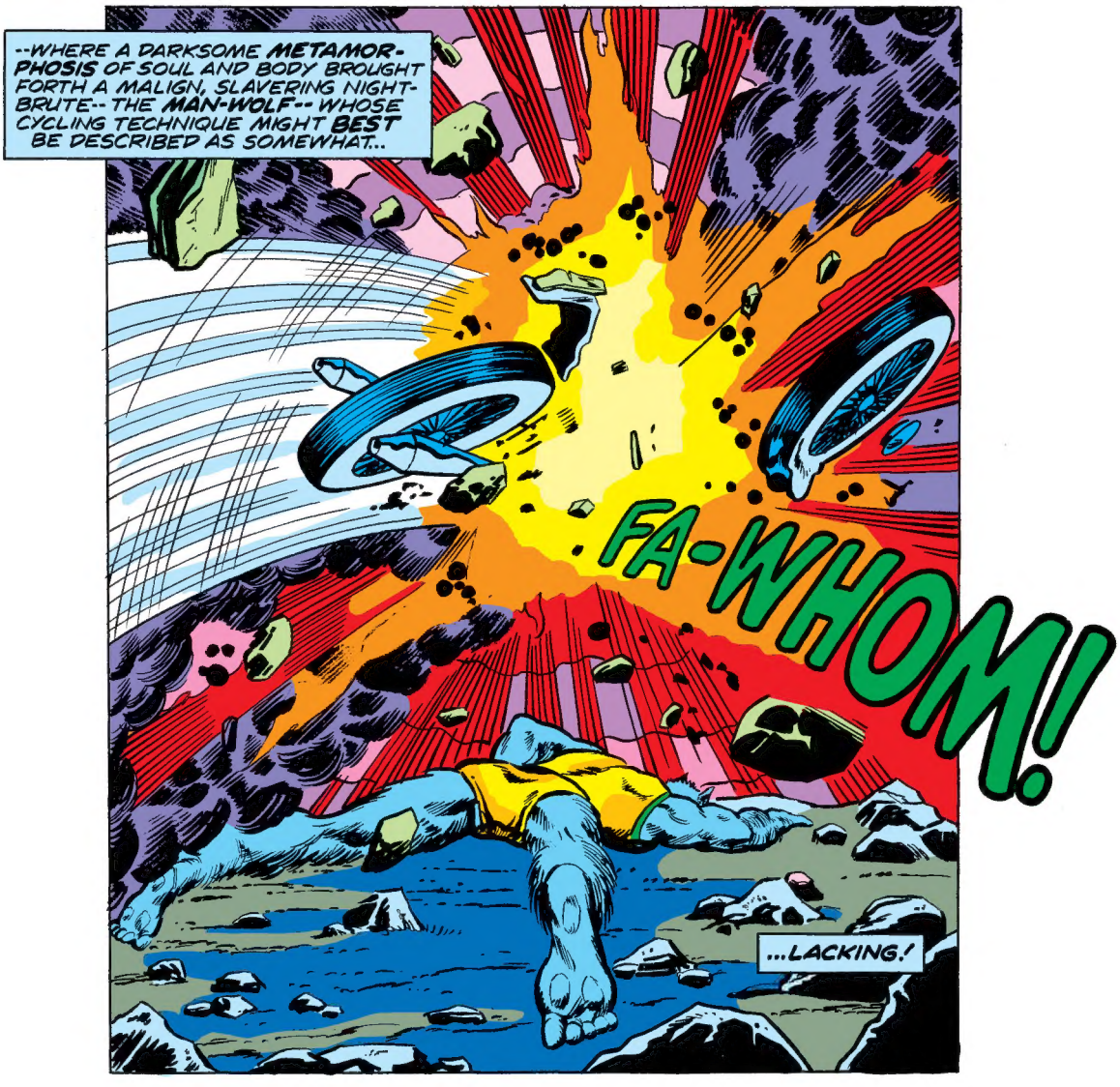
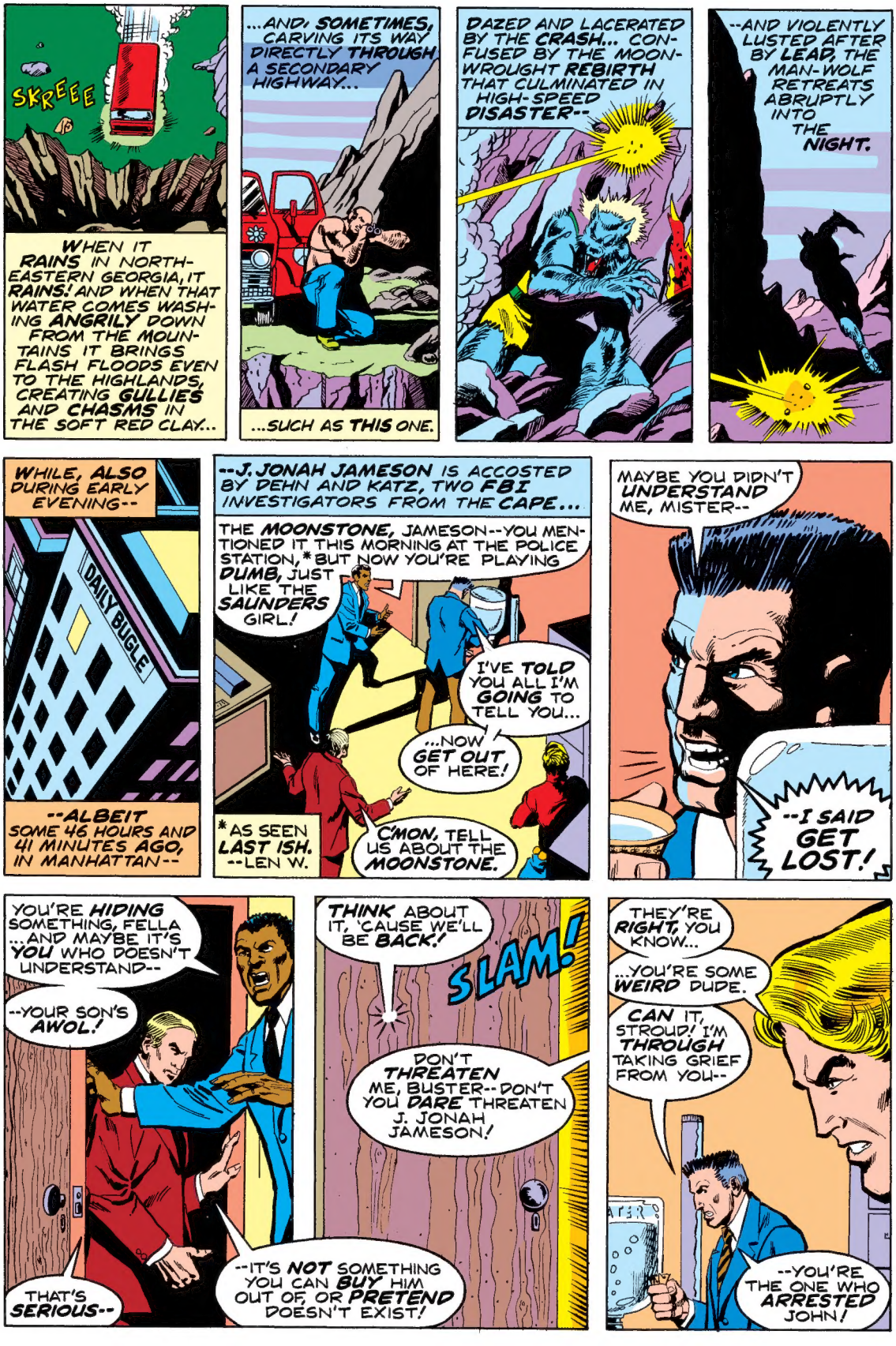
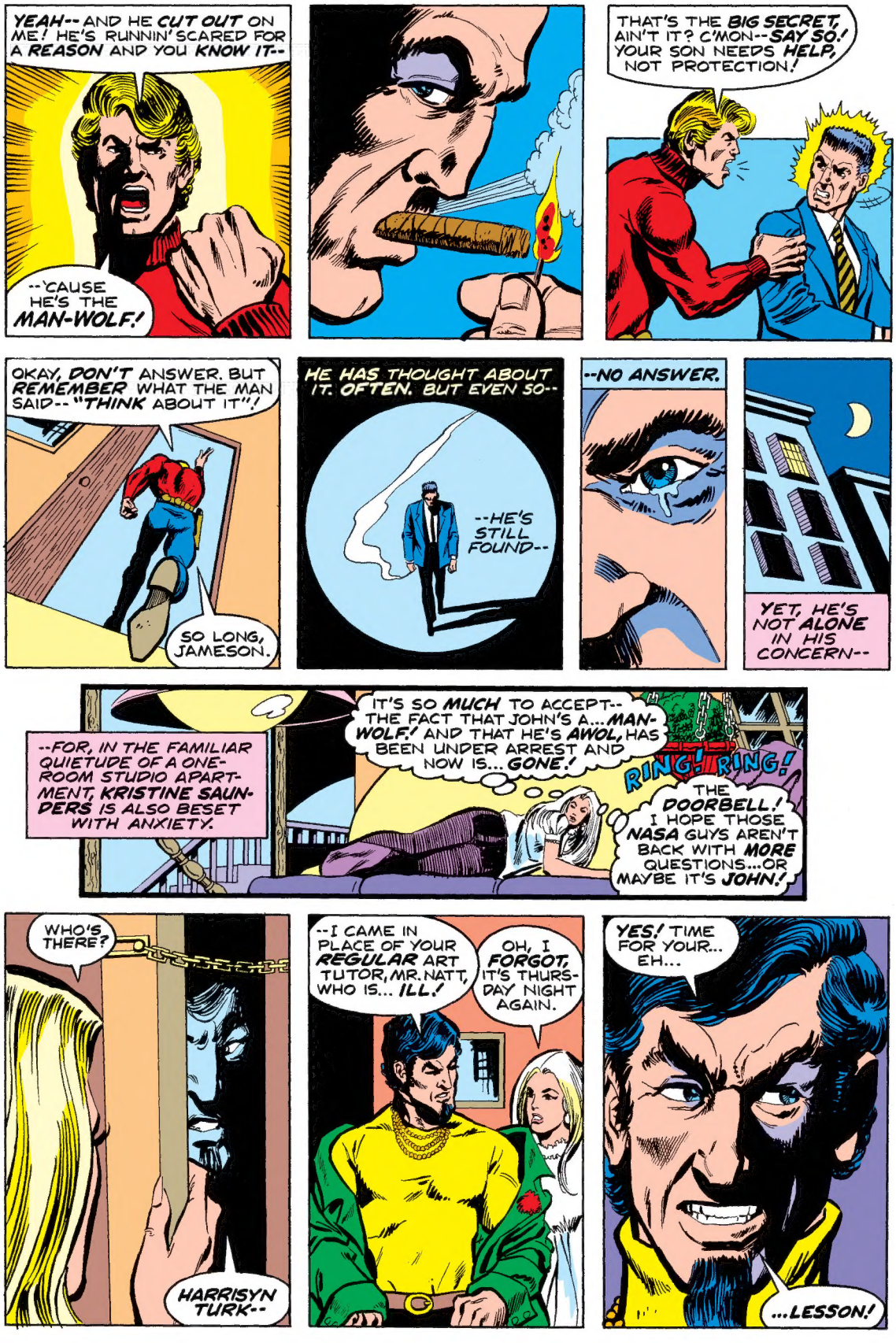
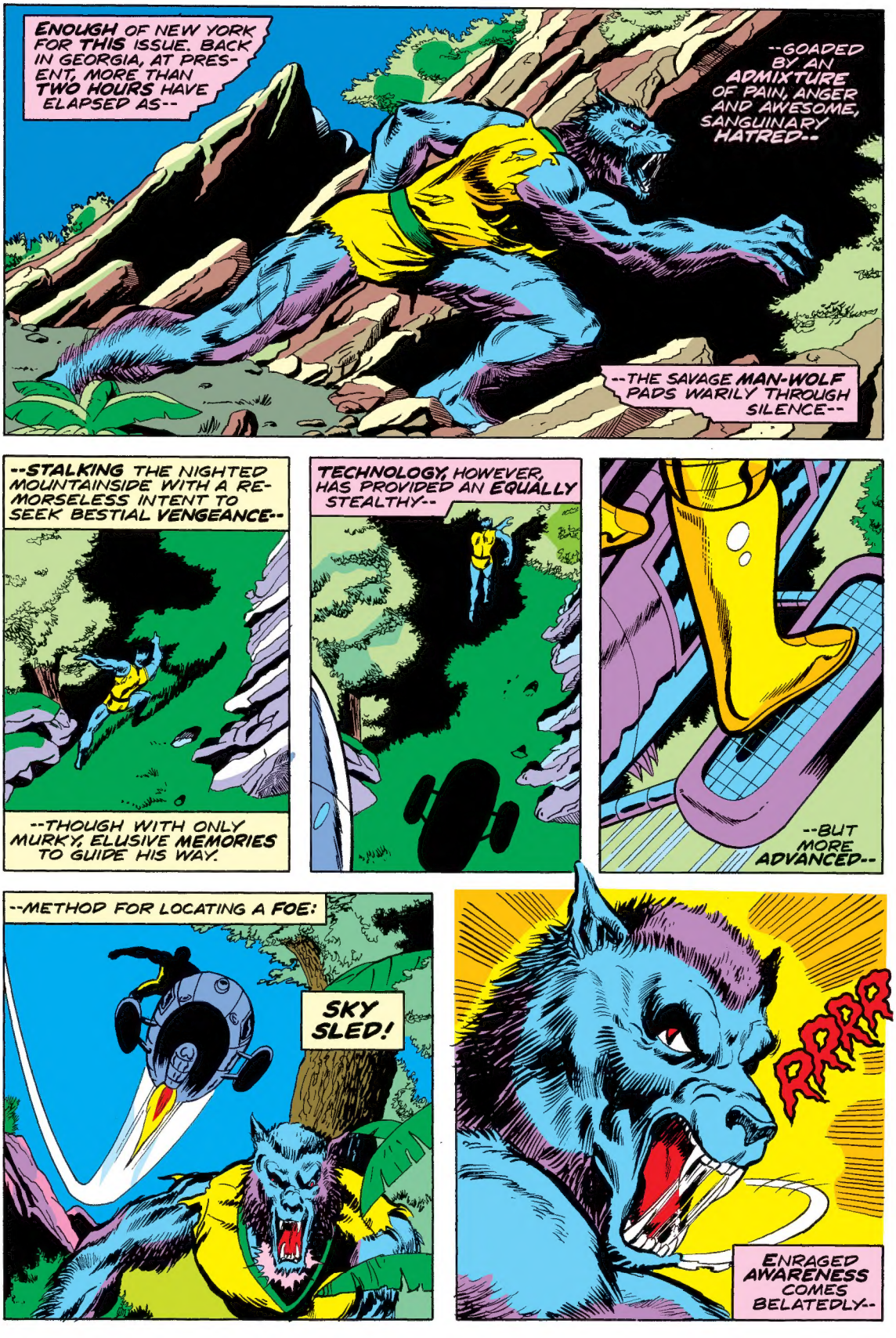

LESS THAN 40 MINUTES AGO, AT SUNSET, JOHN JAMESON STOOD AT THE FOOT OF TALLULAH GORGE--
--IN GEORGIA--
--ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED FOR HIS INADVERTENT DISCOVERY OF A VAST UNDERGROUND LABORATORY THERE!
NINE MINUTES AGO, JOHN JAMESON SLUNG HIS LEG OVER THIS MOTORCYCLE AND KICKED IT TO LIFE--
--AND LESS THAN 2 MINUTES AGO, AS DEATH TRACKED HIM THROUGH THE SIGHTS OF A DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOTGUN--

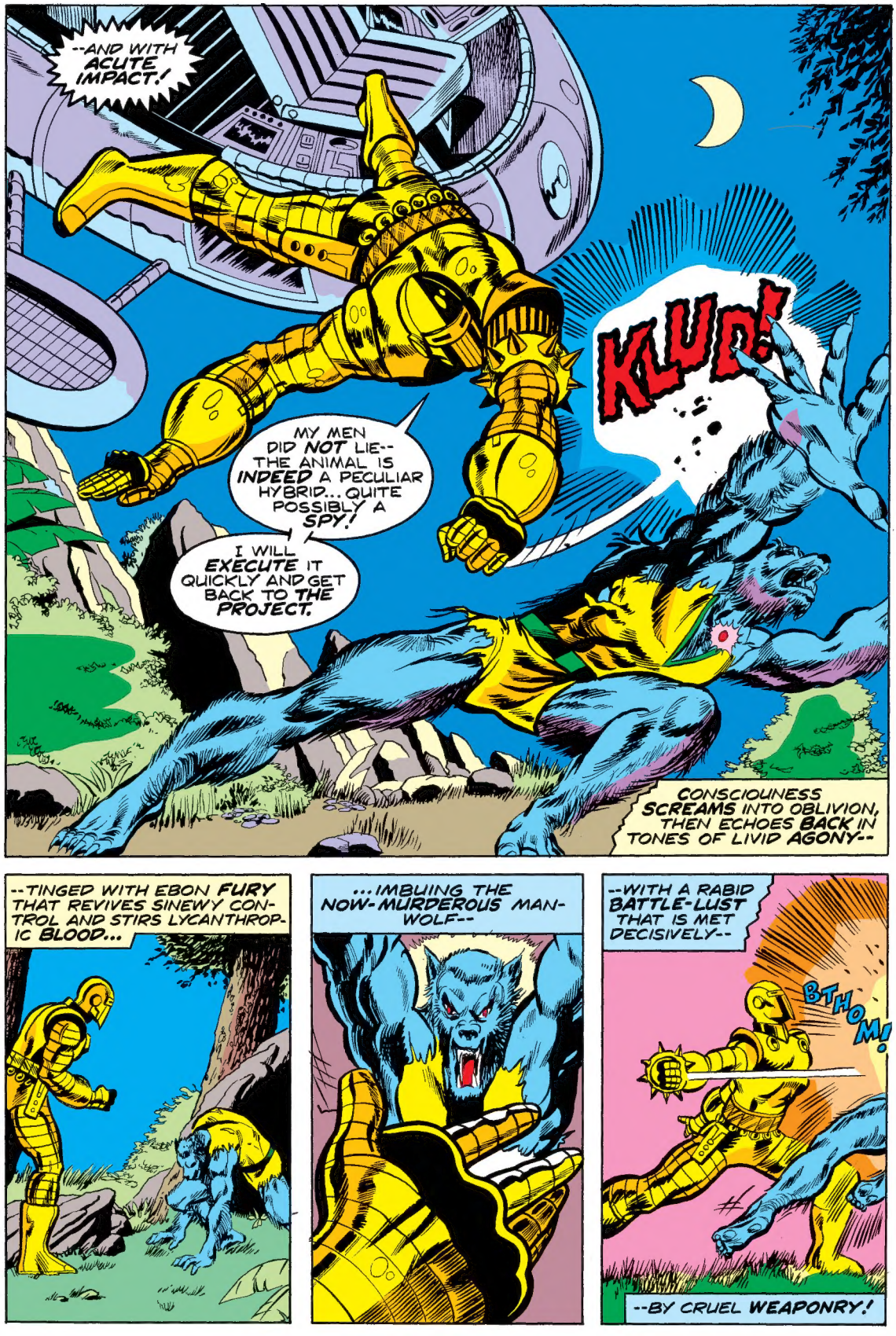

--THE FIRST RAYS OF THE CRESCENT MOON SOUGHT AND FOUND THE BLOOD-RED PENDANT GRAFTED TO HIS THROAT--
--AND LANCED THROUGH IT TO HIS INNER SELF--

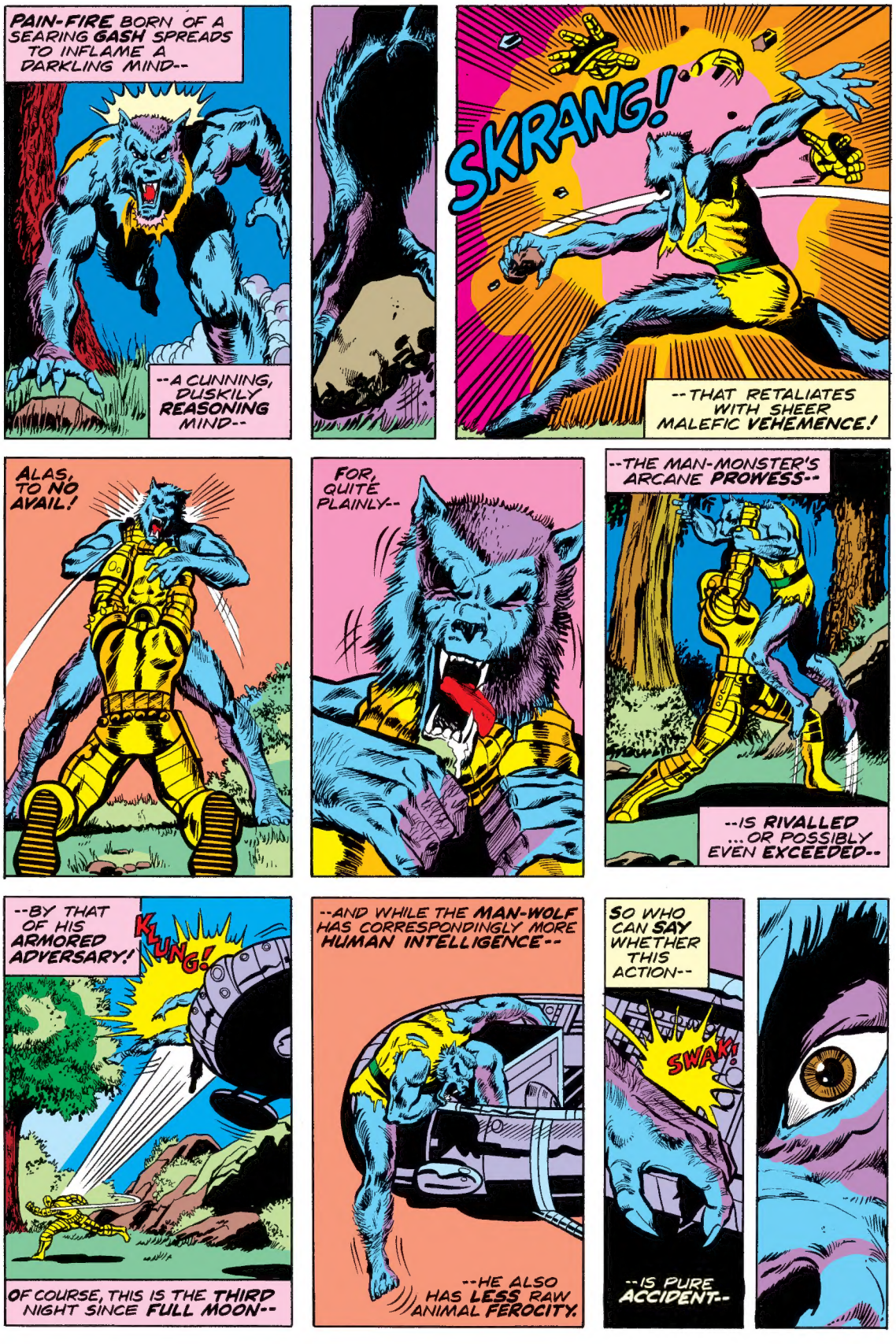

--WHERE A DARKSOME METAMORPHOSIS OF SOUL AND BODY BROUGHT FORTH A MALIGN, SLAVERING NIGHT-BRUTE-- THE MAN-WOLF-- WHOSE CYCLING TECHNIQUE MIGHT BEST BE DESCRIBED AS SOMEWHAT...
FA-WHOM!
...LACKING!

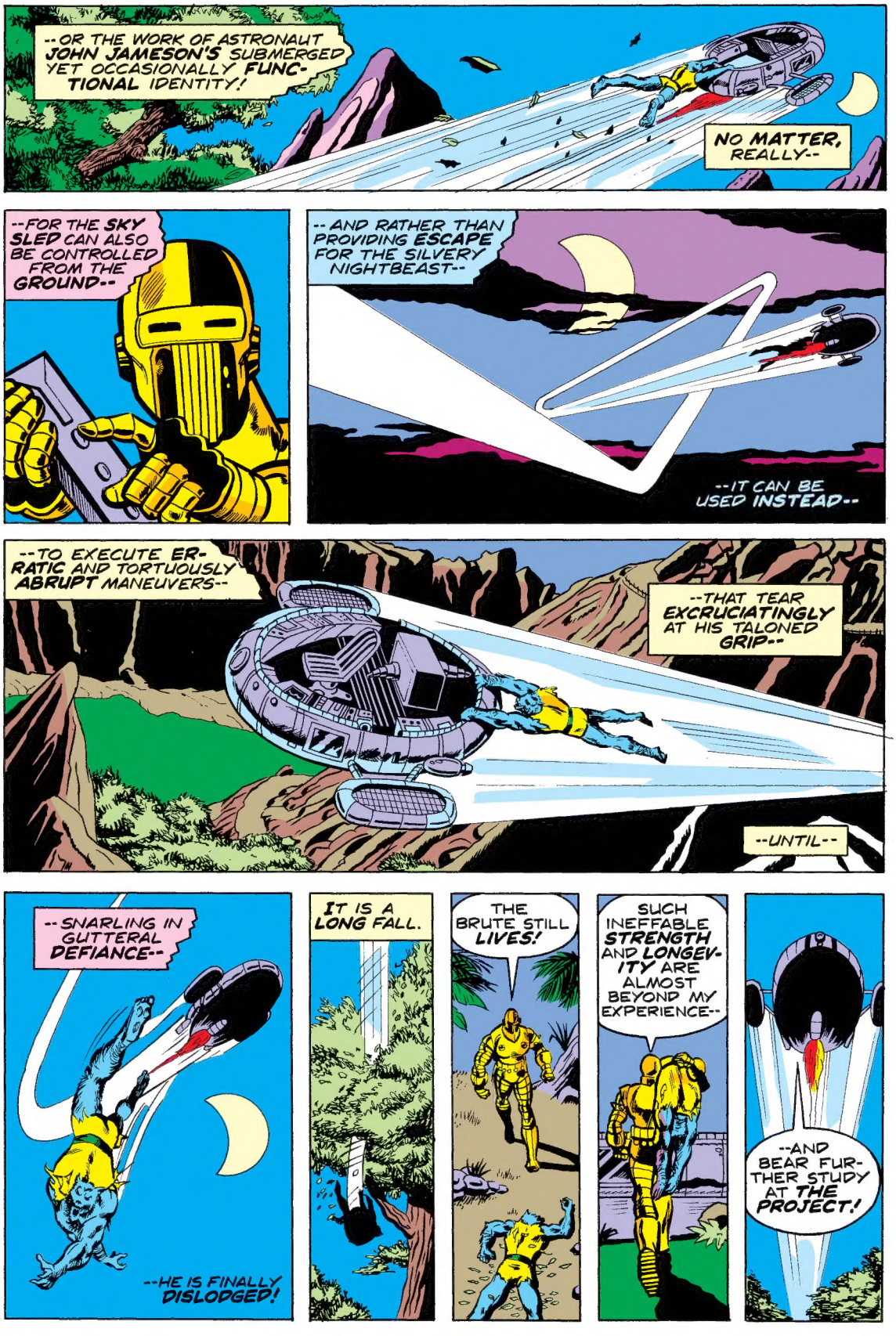

SKREEE
WHEN IT RAINS IN NORTH-EASTERN GEORGIA, IT RAINS! AND WHEN THAT WATER COMES WASHING ANGRILY DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS IT BRINGS FLASH FLOODS EVEN TO THE HIGHLANDS, CREATING GULLIES AND CHASMS IN THE SOFT RED CLAY...
...AND, SOMETIMES, CARVING ITS WAY DIRECTLY THROUGH A SECONDARY HIGHWAY...
...SUCH AS THIS ONE.
DAZED AND LACERATED BY THE CRASH... CONFUSED BY THE MOON-WROUGHT REBIRTH THAT CULMINATED IN HIGH-SPEED DISASTER--
--AND VIOLENTLY LUSTED AFTER BY LEAD, THE MAN-WOLF RETREATS ABRUPTLY INTO THE NIGHT.
WHILE, ALSO DURING EARLY EVENING--
DAILY BUGLE
--ALBEIT SOME 46 HOURS AND 41 MINUTES AGO, IN MANHATTAN--
--J. JONAH JAMESON IS ACCOSTED BY DEHN AND KATZ, TWO FBI INVESTIGATORS FROM THE CAPE...
THE MOONSTONE, JAMESON--YOU MENTIONED IT THIS MORNING AT THE POLICE STATION,* BUT NOW YOU'RE PLAYING DUMB, JUST LIKE THE SAUNDERS GIRL!
I'VE TOLD YOU ALL I'M GOING TO TELL YOU...
...NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
C'MON, TELL US ABOUT THE MOONSTONE.
*AS SEEN LAST ISH. --LEN W.
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ME, MISTER--
--I SAID GET LOST!
YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING, FELLA ...AND MAYBE IT'S YOU WHO DOESN'T UNDERSTAND--
--YOUR SON'S AWOL!
THAT'S SERIOUS--
--IT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU CAN BUY HIM OUT OF, OR PRETEND DOESN'T EXIST!
THINK ABOUT IT, 'CAUSE WE'LL BE BACK!
SLAM!
DON'T THREATEN ME, BUSTER--DON'T YOU DARE THREATEN J. JONAH JAMESON!
THEY'RE RIGHT, YOU KNOW...
...YOU'RE SOME WEIRD DUDE.
CAN IT, STROUD! I'M THROUGH TAKING GRIEF FROM YOU--
--YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ARRESTED JOHN!


YEAH--AND HE CUT OUT ON ME! HE'S RUNNIN' SCARED FOR A REASON AND YOU KNOW IT--
--'CAUSE HE'S THE MAN-WOLF!
THAT'S THE BIG SECRET, AIN'T IT? C'MON--SAY SO! YOUR SON NEEDS HELP, NOT PROTECTION!
OKAY, DON'T ANSWER. BUT REMEMBER WHAT THE MAN SAID--"THINK ABOUT IT"!
SO LONG, JAMESON.
HE HAS THOUGHT ABOUT IT. OFTEN. BUT EVEN SO--
--HE'S STILL FOUND--
--NO ANSWER.
YET, HE'S NOT ALONE IN HIS CONCERN--
--FOR, IN THE FAMILIAR QUIETUDE OF A ONE-ROOM STUDIO APARTMENT, KRISTINE SAUNDERS IS ALSO BESET WITH ANXIETY.
IT'S SO MUCH TO ACCEPT--THE FACT THAT JOHN'S A...MAN-WOLF! AND THAT HE'S AWOL, HAS BEEN UNDER ARREST AND NOW IS... GONE!
RING! RING!
THE DOORBELL! I HOPE THOSE NASA GUYS AREN'T BACK WITH MORE QUESTIONS...OR MAYBE IT'S JOHN!
WHO'S THERE?
HARRISYN TURK--
--I CAME IN PLACE OF YOUR REGULAR ART TUTOR, MR. NATT, WHO IS... ILL!
OH, I FORGOT, IT'S THURSDAY NIGHT AGAIN.
YES! TIME FOR YOUR... EH...
...LESSON!


ENOUGH OF NEW YORK FOR THIS ISSUE. BACK IN GEORGIA, AT PRESENT, MORE THAN TWO HOURS HAVE ELAPSED AS--
--GOADED BY AN ADMIXTURE OF PAIN, ANGER AND AWESOME, SANGUINARY HATRED--
--THE SAVAGE MAN-WOLF PADS WARILY THROUGH SILENCE--
--STALKING THE NIGHTED MOUNTAINSIDE WITH A REMORSELESS INTENT TO SEEK BESTIAL VENGEANCE--
--THOUGH WITH ONLY MURKY, ELUSIVE MEMORIES TO GUIDE HIS WAY.
TECHNOLOGY, HOWEVER, HAS PROVIDED AN EQUALLY STEALTHY--
--BUT MORE ADVANCED--
--METHOD FOR LOCATING A FOE:
SKY SLED!
RRRR
ENRAGED AWARENESS COMES BELATEDLY--


--AND WITH ACUTE IMPACT!
KLUD!
MY MEN DID NOT LIE-- THE ANIMAL IS INDEED A PECULIAR HYBRID... QUITE POSSIBLY A SPY!
I WILL EXECUTE IT QUICKLY AND GET BACK TO THE PROJECT.
CONSCIOUNESS SCREAMS INTO OBLIVION, THEN ECHOES BACK IN TONES OF LIVID AGONY--
--TINGED WITH EBON FURY THAT REVIVES SINEWY CONTROL AND STIRS LYCANTHROPIC BLOOD...
...IMBUING THE NOW-MURDEROUS MAN-WOLF--
--WITH A RABID BATTLE-LUST THAT IS MET DECISIVELY--
BTHOM!
--BY CRUEL WEAPONRY!


PAIN-FIRE BORN OF A SEARING GASH SPREADS TO INFLAME A DARKLING MIND--
--A CUNNING, DUSKILY REASONING MIND--
SKRANG!
--THAT RETALIATES WITH SHEER MALEFIC VEHEMENCE!
ALAS, TO NO AVAIL!
FOR, QUITE PLAINLY--
--THE MAN-MONSTER'S ARCANE PROWESS--
--IS RIVALLED ...OR POSSIBLY EVEN EXCEEDED--
--BY THAT OF HIS ARMORED ADVERSARY!
KLUNG!
OF COURSE, THIS IS THE THIRD NIGHT SINCE FULL MOON--
--AND WHILE THE MAN-WOLF HAS CORRESPONDINGLY MORE HUMAN INTELLIGENCE--
--HE ALSO HAS LESS RAW ANIMAL FEROCITY.
SO WHO CAN SAY WHETHER THIS ACTION--
SWAK!
--IS PURE ACCIDENT--


--OR THE WORK OF ASTRONAUT JOHN JAMESON'S SUBMERGED YET OCCASIONALLY FUNCTIONAL IDENTITY!
NO MATTER, REALLY--
--FOR THE SKY SLED CAN ALSO BE CONTROLLED FROM THE GROUND--
-- AND RATHER THAN PROVIDING ESCAPE FOR THE SILVERY NIGHTBEAST--
--IT CAN BE USED INSTEAD--
--TO EXECUTE ERRATIC AND TORTUOUSLY ABRUPT MANEUVERS--
--THAT TEAR EXCRUCIATINGLY AT HIS TALONED GRIP--
--UNTIL--
--SNARLING IN GUTTERAL DEFIANCE--
--HE IS FINALLY DISLODGED!
IT IS A LONG FALL.
THE BRUTE STILL LIVES!
SUCH INEFFABLE STRENGTH AND LONGEVITY ARE ALMOST BEYOND MY EXPERIENCE--
--AND BEAR FURTHER STUDY AT THE PROJECT!

THE PROJECT:

MUCH MORE THAN THE PROFITABLE-BUT-ILLEGAL "BUSINESS ENDEAVOR" DESCRIBED TO THE LATE WALTER BEFORE HIS ENSUING DEATH,* THOUGH IT IS CERTAINLY ALL OF THAT TO THE SNEERING MAN WITH THE WOODEN LEG.

*LAST ISH. --LIVELY LEN.

TO HIM, IT MEANS MONEY, WHILE TO THE HOODED MAN BESIDE HIM IT MEANS --POWER!

AND TO THE REAWAKENED MAN-WOLF, IT MEANS...CAPTIVITY!

THE BOYS AND I TRIED TO ELIMINATE HIM SURREPTITIOUSLY, BUT I HAD TO SHOOT ONE OF THE LOCALS-- AND THEN THIS BLASTED WEREWOLF... STILL GOT AWAY!

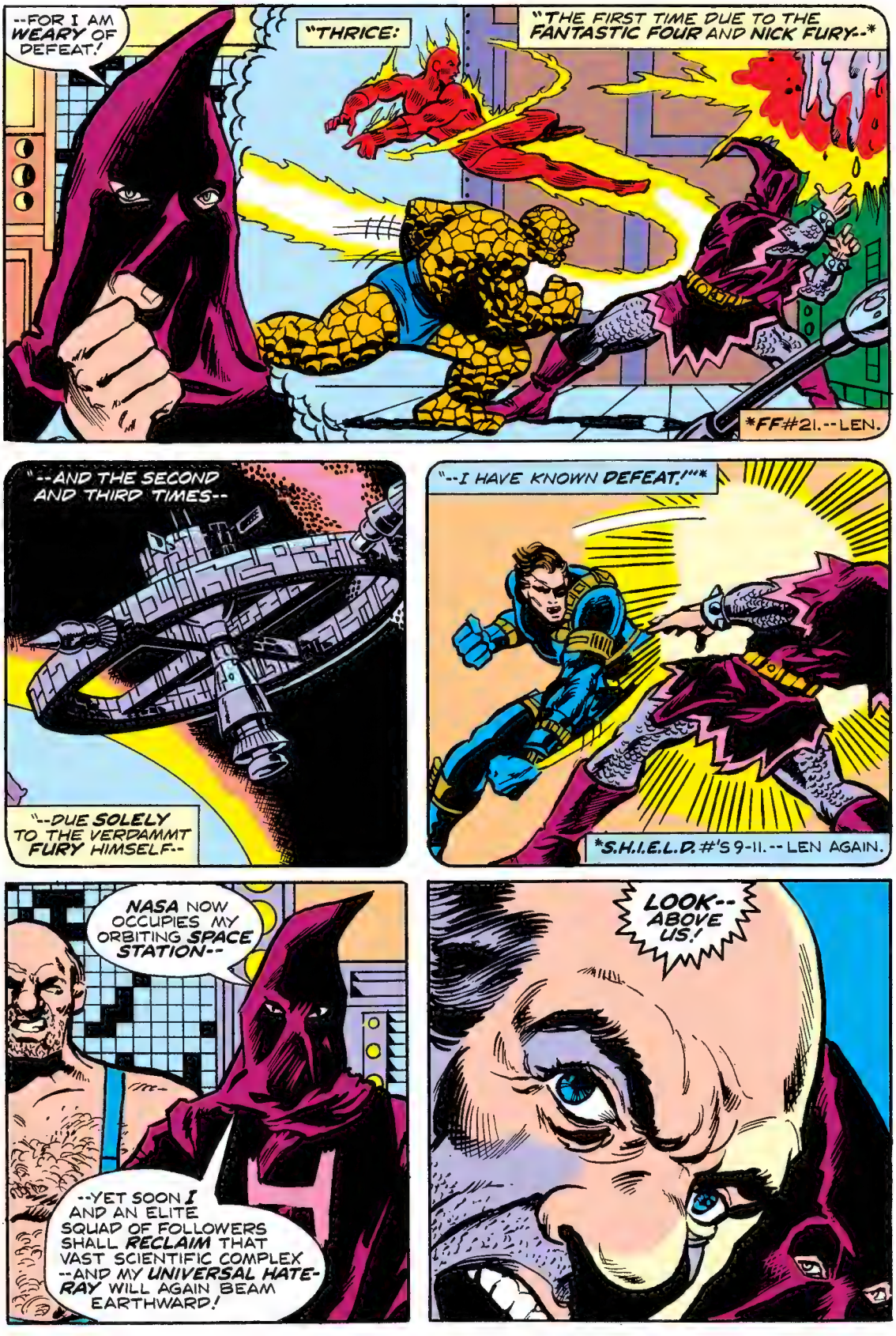
FORTUNATELY FOR OUR SECRECY, YOU CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!

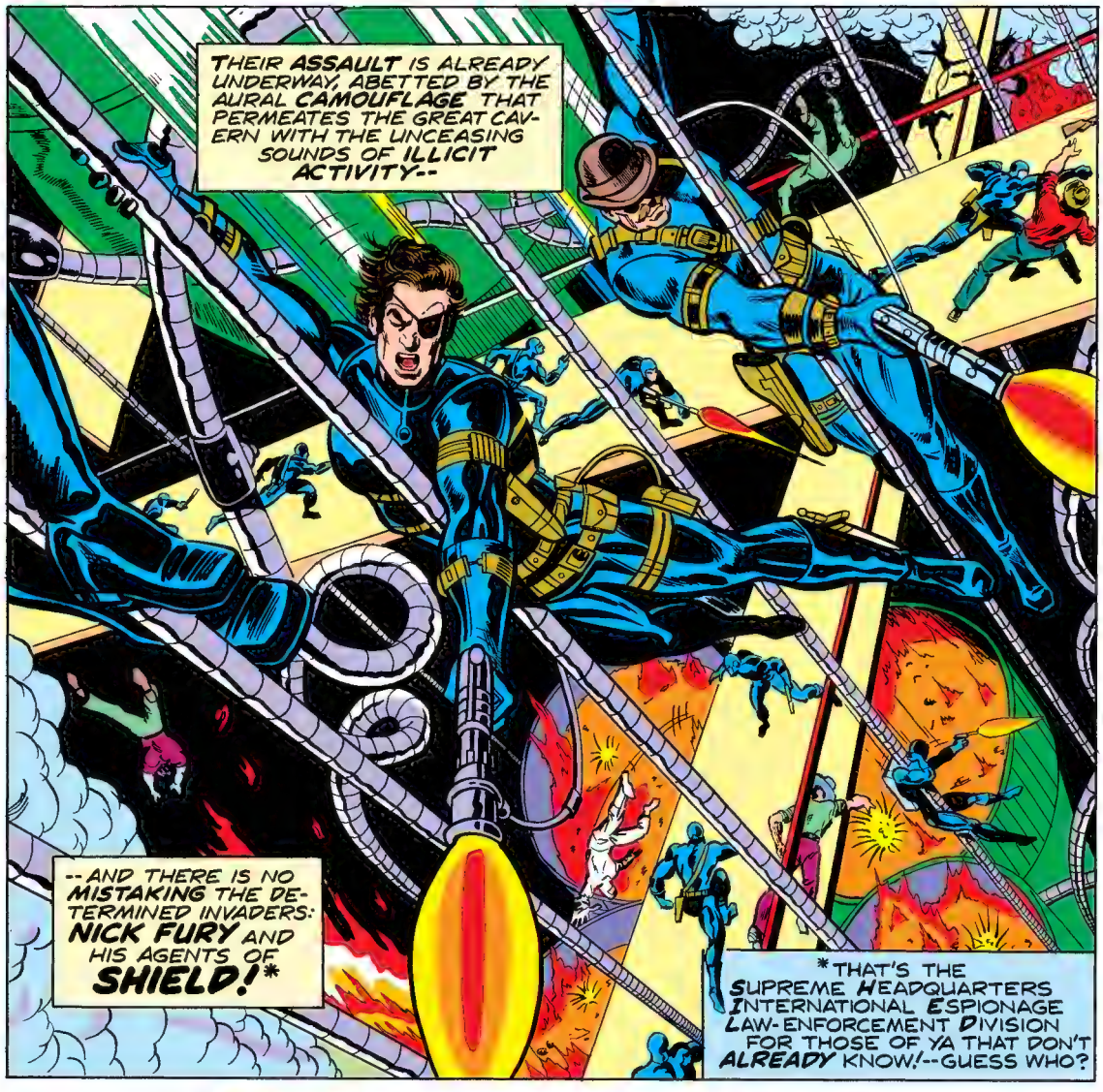
FORTUNATELY FOR YOU!

I WAS NOT AMUSED AT BEING DISTURBED IN MY WORK, ESPECIALLY TO TRACK DOWN AN ELUSIVE BEAST... YET PERHAPS ITS MYSTERIOUS AND UNNATURAL PHYSIOLOGY WILL YIELD UP VALUABLE SECRETS TO--

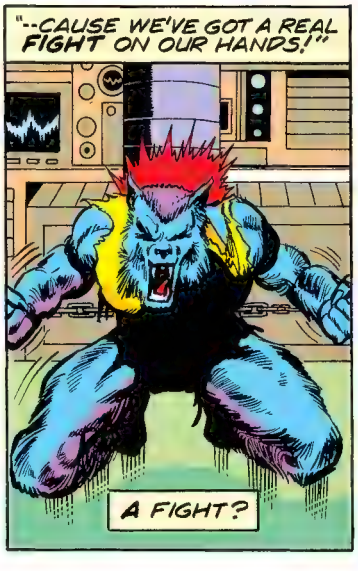
--THE HATE-MONGER!

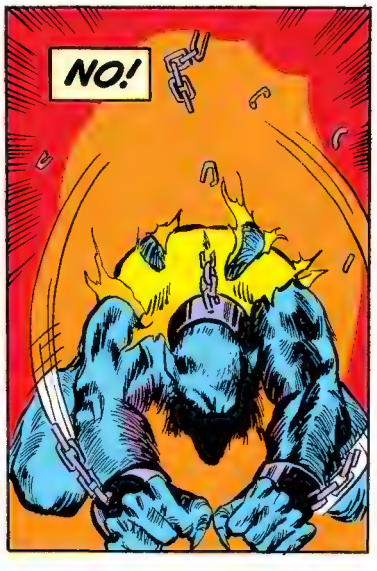
SECRETS THAT WILL MAKE THIS CUMBERSOME CYBERNETIC ARMOR OBSOLETE AND GIVE ME AN ENTIRE ARMY OF INVINCIBLE FOLLOWERS--

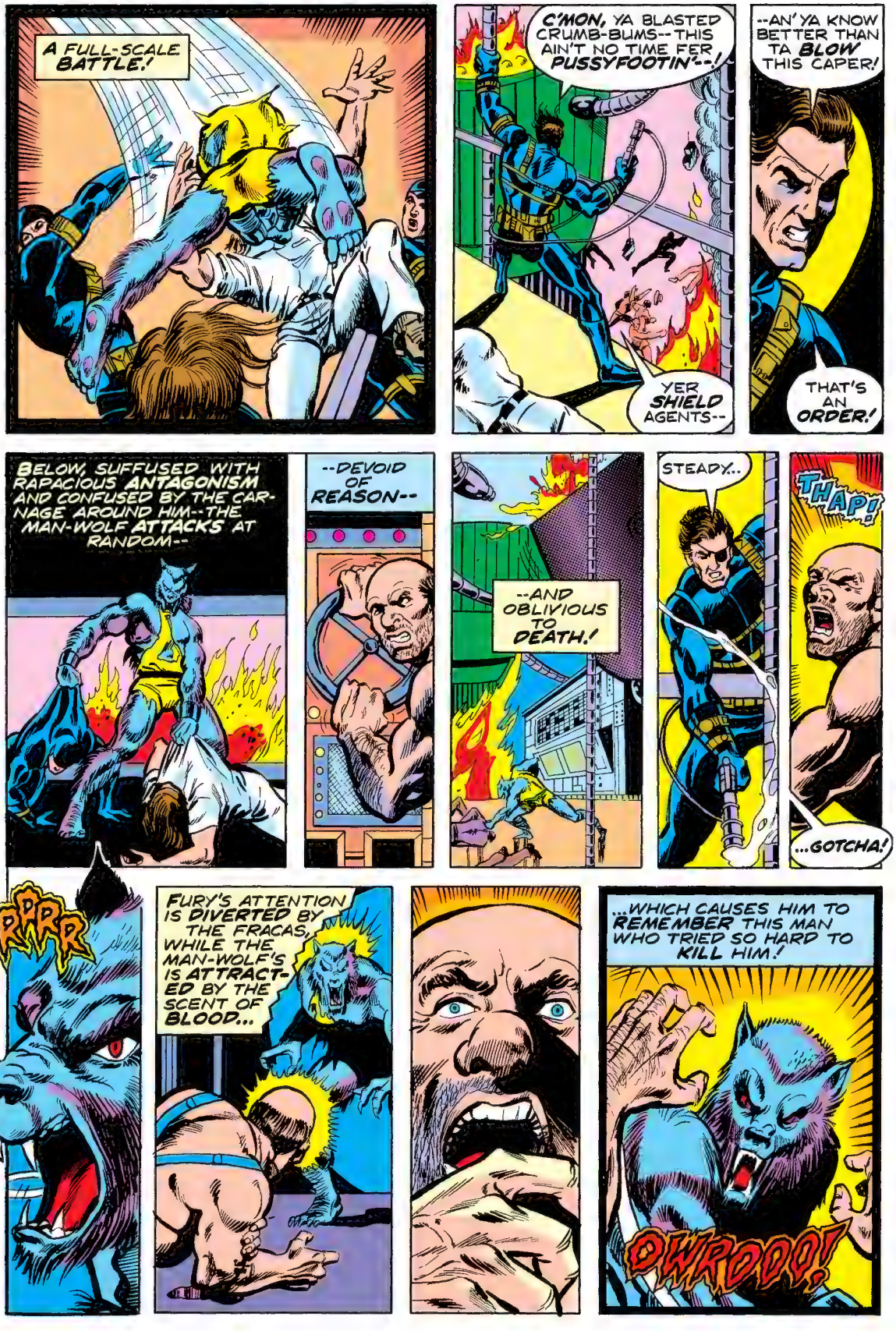

--FOR I AM WEARY OF DEFEAT!
"THRICE:
"THE FIRST TIME DUE TO THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND NICK FURY--*
*FF#21.--LEN.
"--AND THE SECOND AND THIRD TIMES--
"--DUE SOLELY TO THE VERDAMMT FURY HIMSELF--
"--I HAVE KNOWN DEFEAT!"*
*S.H.I.E.L.D. #'S 9-11.--LEN AGAIN.
NASA NOW OCCUPIES MY ORBITING SPACE STATION--
--YET SOON I AND AN ELITE SQUAD OF FOLLOWERS SHALL RECLAIM THAT VAST SCIENTIFIC COMPLEX --AND MY UNIVERSAL HATE-RAY WILL AGAIN BEAM EARTHWARD!
LOOK-- ABOVE US!


THEIR ASSAULT IS ALREADY UNDERWAY, ABETTED BY THE AURAL CAMOUFLAGE THAT PERMEATES THE GREAT CAVERN WITH THE UNCEASING SOUNDS OF ILLICIT ACTIVITY--
--AND THERE IS NO MISTAKING THE DETERMINED INVADERS: NICK FURY AND HIS AGENTS OF SHIELD!*
*THAT'S THE SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION FOR THOSE OF YA THAT DON'T ALREADY KNOW!--GUESS WHO?

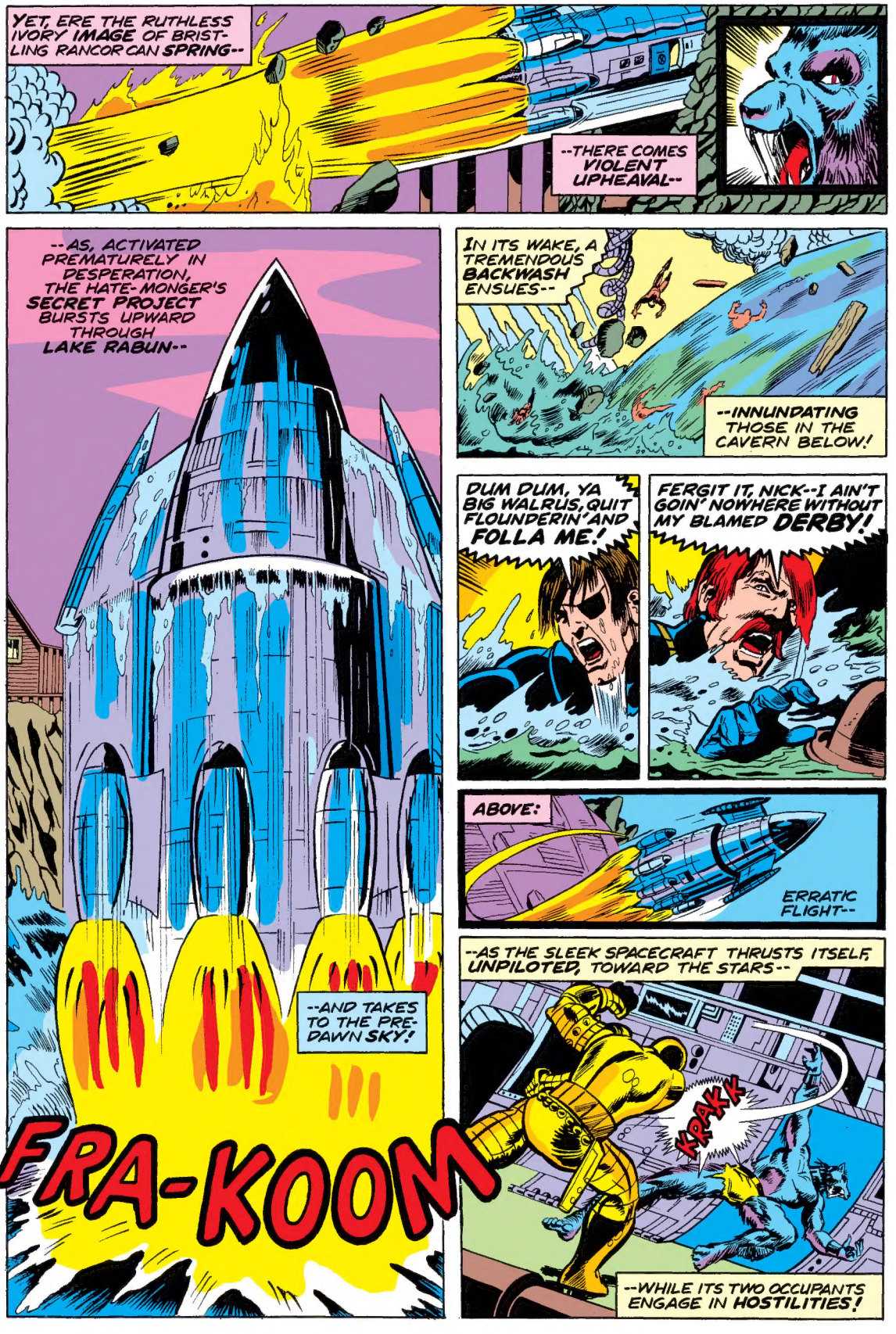
HIMMEL! WHY MUST IT ALWAYS BE-- IS IT WRITTEN THAT I AM TO FAIL IN THE END?
WE'RE GONNA FIND THAT OUT, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER--

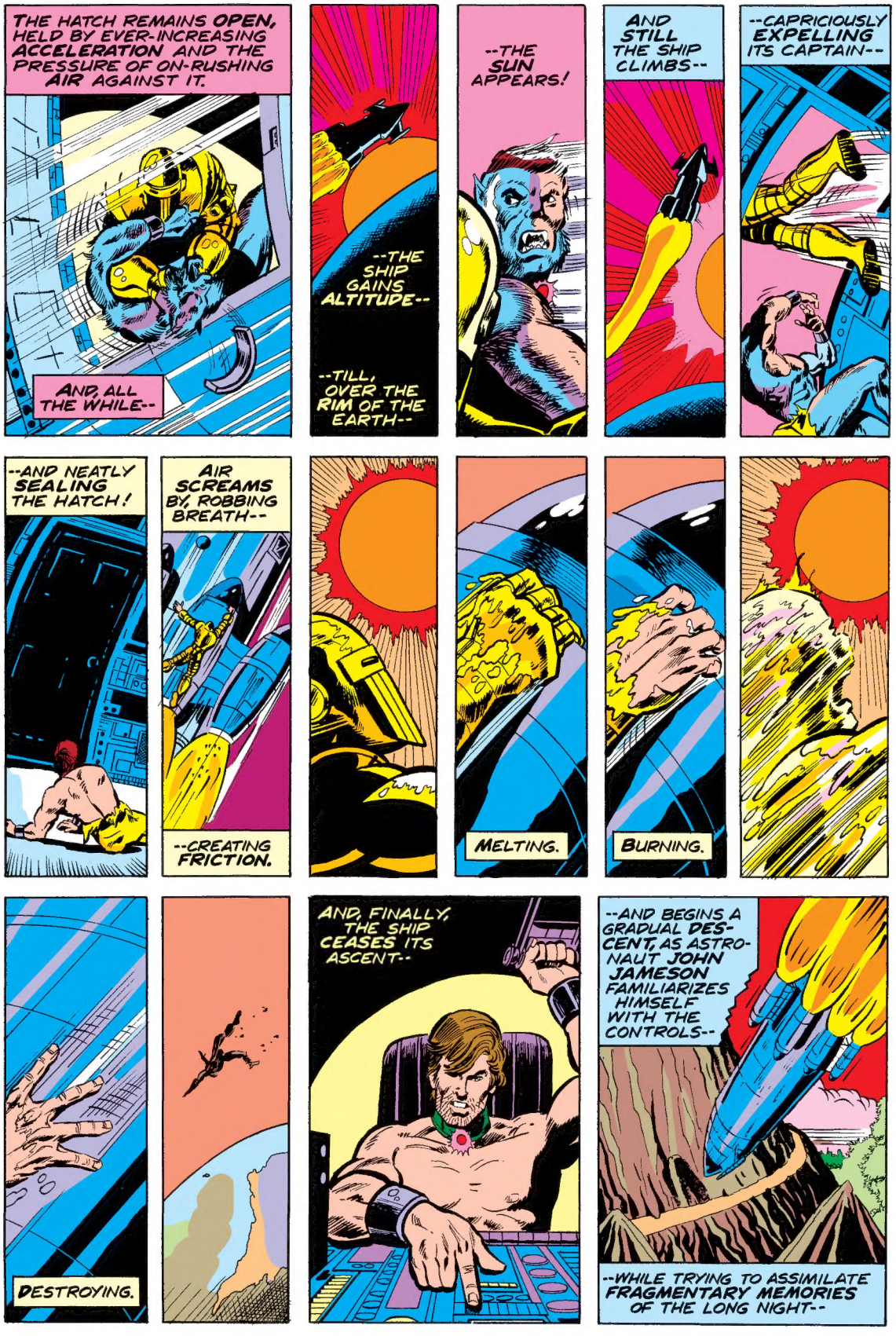

"--CAUSE WE'VE GOT A REAL FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!"
A FIGHT?

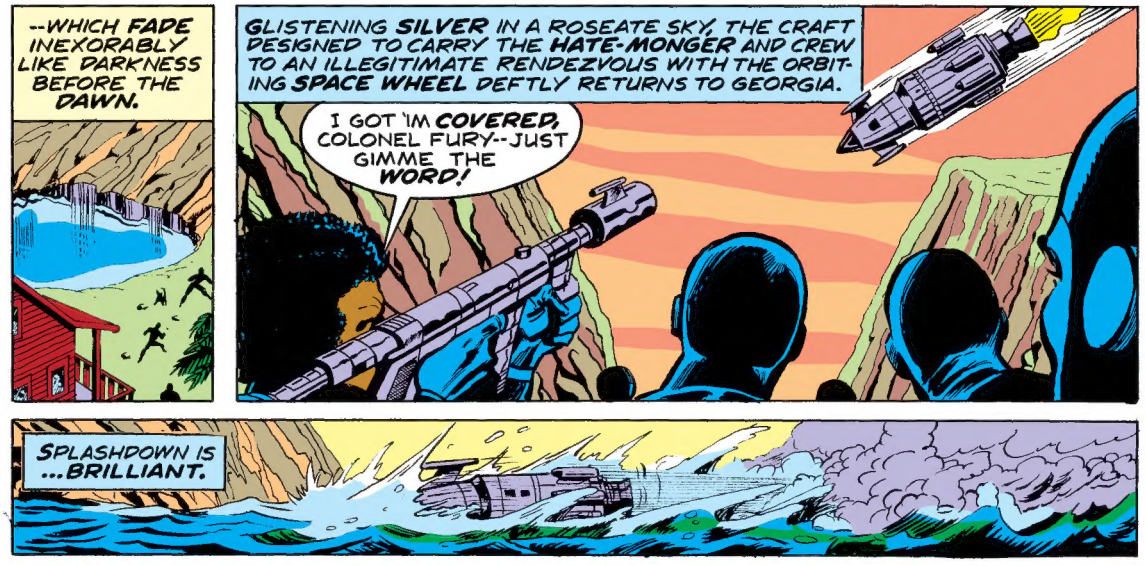

NO!


A FULL-SCALE BATTLE!
C'MON, YA BLASTED CRUMB-BUMS--THIS AIN'T NO TIME FER PUSSYFOOTIN'--!
YER SHIELD AGENTS--
--AN' YA KNOW BETTER THAN TA BLOW THIS CAPER!
THAT'S AN ORDER!
BELOW, SUFFUSED WITH RAPACIOUS ANTAGONISM AND CONFUSED BY THE CARNAGE AROUND HIM--THE MAN-WOLF ATTACKS AT RANDOM--
--DEVOID OF REASON--
--AND OBLIVIOUS TO DEATH!
STEADY..
THAP!
...GOTCHA!
RRRR
FURY'S ATTENTION IS DIVERTED BY THE FRACAS, WHILE THE MAN-WOLF'S IS ATTRACTED BY THE SCENT OF BLOOD...
...WHICH CAUSES HIM TO REMEMBER THIS MAN WHO TRIED SO HARD TO KILL HIM!
OWROOO!

THERE WAS ANOTHER, TOO, WHO BROUGHT PAIN--
--AND WHO IS--
--EVEN NOW--
WAK!
--ESCAPING!
CUMULATIVE AND INSENSATE RAGE OVERCOMES THE MAN-WOLF WITH A BESTIAL DESIRE FOR REVENGE--
--AND HE PURSUES HIS QUARRY TO ITS BIZARRE--
--LAIR!
RRRGG


YET, ERE THE RUTHLESS IVORY IMAGE OF BRISTLING RANCOR CAN SPRING--
--THERE COMES VIOLENT UPHEAVAL--
--AS, ACTIVATED PREMATURELY IN DESPERATION, THE HATE-MONGER'S SECRET PROJECT BURSTS UPWARD THROUGH LAKE RABUN--
--AND TAKES TO THE PRE-DAWN SKY!
FRA-KOOM
IN ITS WAKE, A TREMENDOUS BACKWASH ENSUES--
--INNUNDATING THOSE IN THE CAVERN BELOW!
DUM DUM, YA BIG WALRUS, QUIT FLOUNDERIN' AND FOLLA ME!
FERGIT IT, NICK--I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE WITHOUT MY BLAMED DERBY!
ABOVE:
ERRATIC FLIGHT--
--AS THE SLEEK SPACECRAFT THRUSTS ITSELF, UNPILOTED, TOWARD THE STARS--
KRAKK
--WHILE ITS TWO OCCUPANTS ENGAGE IN HOSTILITIES!

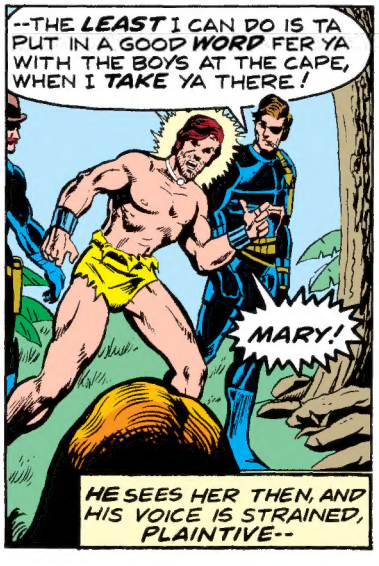

THE HATCH REMAINS OPEN, HELD BY EVER-INCREASING ACCELERATION AND THE PRESSURE OF ON-RUSHING AIR AGAINST IT.
AND, ALL THE WHILE--
--THE SHIP GAINS ALTITUDE--
--TILL, OVER THE RIM OF THE EARTH--
--THE SUN APPEARS!
AND STILL THE SHIP CLIMBS--
--CAPRICIOUSLY EXPELLING ITS CAPTAIN--
--AND NEATLY SEALING THE HATCH!
AIR SCREAMS BY, ROBBING BREATH--
--CREATING FRICTION.
MELTING.
BURNING.
DESTROYING.
AND, FINALLY, THE SHIP CEASES ITS ASCENT--
--AND BEGINS A GRADUAL DESCENT, AS ASTRONAUT JOHN JAMESON FAMILIARIZES HIMSELF WITH THE CONTROLS--
--WHILE TRYING TO ASSIMILATE FRAGMENTARY MEMORIES OF THE LONG NIGHT--


--WHICH FADE INEXORABLY LIKE DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN.
GLISTENING SILVER IN A ROSEATE SKY, THE CRAFT DESIGNED TO CARRY THE HATE-MONGER AND CREW TO AN ILLEGITIMATE RENDEZVOUS WITH THE ORBITING SPACE WHEEL DEFTLY RETURNS TO GEORGIA.
I GOT 'IM COVERED, COLONEL FURY--JUST GIMME THE WORD!
SPLASHDOWN IS ...BRILLIANT.

PUT THAT BAZOOKA DOWN, YA LUNK-HEADED IDJIT, AN' USE YER SMARTS!
YES, SIR!

AIN'T NO CLOWN LIKE HATE-MONGER GONNA COME BACK JUST CAUSE HE FERGOT TA PACK A CHANGE A DIAPERS!
LOOKS LIKE JOHN JAMESON TO ME, NICK.
SON-UVAGUN IF IT AIN'T!
COLONEL FURY... DUM DUM DUGAN!

I DUNNO WHAT YER DOIN' HERE, JAMESON, AN' I AIN'T GONNA ASK, 'CAUSE IT SURE DON'T LOOK GOOD--
--BUT I KNOW YER AWOL, AN' I FIGGER SEEIN' AS HOW YA RESCUED THIS BABY--


--THE LEAST I CAN DO IS TA PUT IN A GOOD WORD FER YA WITH THE BOYS AT THE CAPE, WHEN I TAKE YA THERE!
MARY!
HE SEES HER THEN, AND HIS VOICE IS STRAINED, PLAINTIVE--

--BUT SHE DOES NOT REPLY. SHE IS STILL AS THE UNMOVING FORM OF HER HUSBAND, JOEL STEVENS.
JOHN JAMESON'S FRIEND HAS BECOME...A VICTIM.
MARY, I--

--I'M SORRY.
NEXT MOONBOUND!